

UP IN THE MORNING EARLY.

A Favourite Scots Song,

Set for the Voice.

Piano-Forte or Harpichord

Written by

John Hamilton

ENTERED IN STATIONERS HALL

Price 1^d

EDINBURGH Printed and Sold by the AUTHOR at his Music Shop N^o 24 North Bridge Street.

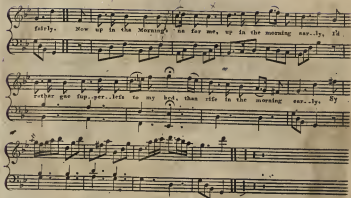
Slow

Sy

Could blows the win' frae north to south an'

drift is driving fairly, the sheep is couring in the bough, O frae its winter

Geo. Walker Sculpted



2
Bade rules the blast among the woods,
The branches stirrin' barely,
Among the chimney taps it thuds,
An' frost is nippin' fairly;
Now up in the morning's no for me,
Up in the morning early,
To sit at the night wad better agree,
Than rise in the morning early.

3
The Sun peep's o'er the fouthlan' hills,
Like any timorous curle,
Just blinks a wee, then flicks again,
An' that we fin' severely;
Now up in the morning's no for me,
Up in the morning early,
When snaw blows in to the chimney cheek,
Wha'd rise in the morning early.

4
Nae linnies hilt on hedge or bush,
Poor things they suffer fairly,
In coudrife quarters a' the night,
A' day they feed but spairly;
Now up in the morning's no for me,
Up in the morning early,
No fute can be war, in the winter time,
Than rise in the morning early.

5
A cooey house, an' canny wife,
Keeps ay a body cheery,
An' pantry stow'd wi' meal an' meat;
It answers unco rarely;
But up in the morning na, na, na,
Up in the morning early
The Gowans men gleat an' back an' brace,
When I rise in the morning early.

For the Ger. Flute

